

This is the anniversary of the victory of Ivry, in 1590, when Henry IV., the gallant leader of the Huguenots, defeated his enemies. This great French battle was made the theme of a poem by Lord Macaulay.

PROXIES: A Vivid Romance of DOUBLE REGENERATION

By Frank R. Adams.

By Jane McLean.

With some misgiving Peter told Clare the result of his conversation with Mr. Darley. They were both nervous. It seemed that Darley would do something, but what, neither had the remotest idea.

"What did he want our address for?" asked Clare.

"I guess we'll have to wait to find out," Peter answered. "And till we do find out we'd better stay close."

Clare unrolled the wedding certificate and spread it before him. "We've always got this," she said. "Yes, my dear, I have. I'm sorry I couldn't have had a real wedding for you, but that's the best I could do."

"Oh, you don't think I care for the other thing, do you?" he cried, throwing her arms about his neck and kissing him. "No, I don't, Peter, I've got you and that's present enough for me."

"Christopher Darley did not waste time after he had heard from Peter. Indeed, he had been busy before. He was fully alive to the possible trouble that faced his ex-brother, and he felt it his duty to see that he won clear."

He called on the chief of police and explained the situation; the chief was rather skeptical.

"You're a human being," said Darley. "Here's a character told me his story. I gave him the benefit of the doubt. I let him stay in my house, believing he'd keep his word. And then Mr. Stover injected himself into the scene. In some way Peter discovered Mr. Stover was using a certain paper to try to blackmail me. I want you to have all the facts."

A TRICK.

"That's a pretty strong word," said the chief.

"Well, suppose a man came to you and threatened to ruin your business unless you compelled your daughter to marry him, what would you call that?"

"I'd call it a joke," said the chief. "How could Stover ruin your business? Why, it's as solid as a Government bond."

"That's what I thought and so it is. I've refused every effort to make me sell. I could get out at a big profit, but I had the small stockholders to consider, and whether you believe it or not, I regard their interests as my interests."

The chief suddenly evidenced an unusual attention. "I heard you'd had a little trouble," he ventured.

"Those offers came from Stover. He's got a minority holding. I said no! So what does he do? Sends an agent to my brother, somewhere, and gets him to sign a proxy allowing the voting of his stock. I couldn't foresee anything like that, could I?"

"Oh, so that's the trick, eh?"

"That was the trick. That proxy was obtained from a man who'd sign anything without looking. Who'd believe anything anybody told him. It gave Stover the control. He threatened to use it."

"You spoke about the small stockholders," said the chief. "Was he planning to look out for them?"

"I'll leave that to the future. I was to get stock in the new trust and was to get cash. Now draw your own inferences."

The chief whistled under his breath. He knew Stover, but so far he hadn't connected him with manipulations on a big scale.

"I know you can get Mendom," said Darley. "I can give you my word that I had the faintest idea what he was up to. I'd already told Stover to go ahead; that I'd take my medicine."

"But you asked him in to meet your guests?"

"Yes, after Peter had brought a false message from my daughter suggesting him to remain."

"I get it," said the chief. "Well, Mr. Darley, you leave this to me. I don't think that young fellow will have anything to fear from the police of this town, but how about your friends? Stover, who's had right through, who's going to square him?"

DARLEY NAPPED.

"I might try to do that," said Darley. "But I can't induce him to leave his way."

"Send back to you," said the chief. "I don't mind telling you that I've always tried to be on the level myself, and most of my spare cash is invested in your stock."

Darley smiled as he stepped into the car and directed his chauffeur to take him to Stover's office.

That gentleman was busy. Darley cooled his heels in the ante-room and waited. He was smiling when he entered Stover's office. The big man's maneuvers amused him. He did not look up at once when he heard he appeared surprised.

Is Marriage a Success?

MORE TRAINING IN HOME DECEIT.

I am twenty-two years old. Some time ago I met a man seven years my senior. In a short time we became very good friends and I soon found out that I loved him.

One day he told me he could not love me as I loved him because he was going with another girl. This girl lived in another city. When I heard this I wanted him to leave me, but he said that we could go together providing no outsider knew of it.

A short time after this he called at my home, and when he left I realized that he could no longer hold up my head and look the world in the face without feeling guilty.

I went to him and told him what I thought was going to happen in the near future, and it was then I found out his true nature. He told me to do all I could for myself and not to get into any trouble as he was going to get married on Easter to this other girl. He told me if I would not stop bothering him he would go and tell my mother. When I heard this I became afraid and offered to do anything he asked of me.

Does any reader think that I am doing right by giving in to this fellow?

What about the other girl? Do you think I ought to tell her, or carry my disgrace all through life without any one knowing of it?

HEARTBROKEN.

TAKING A CHANCE.

I read W. J. L.'s letter. He said he would give all he had if he could only come home in the evening and have his wife to hug and kiss him. Well, I feel like I am in the same boat as he is.

I would give all I had in this world if I had a husband to come home in the evening and kiss me and love me and me alone. My husband works night work all the time. I stay home all the evenings by myself, just pining away. Some of my friends have begged me to go out to dances and run around and enjoy myself, but it's no enjoyment for me without him. I feel like I would be doing wrong to run around, although he has run around with girls, kept steady company with them, had to me, has treated me cool lots of times and keeps me upset nearly all the time.

I think most men marry a girl and love her to death as long as the honeymoon lasts, and after that they want to marry again and have another honeymoon. I think a girl is taking a big chance to marry these days. But I guess if I were single I would be fool enough to take another chance.

S. E. M.

The chimpanzee and the gorilla are born with brains as large as those of a new-born infant, but they do not develop after birth.

The Power of Sight

An ADVERTORIAL.

THE eye is the motive power of sight. The delicate mechanism of the eye controls your vision. On its perfect working condition good sight depends. Like an ordinary engine, the eye motor wears under stress of continued use.

At the first sign of motor trouble in an automobile a repair shop is sought, the trouble investigated and corrected. Your eyes warn of strain or injury. Be as heedful of their danger signals as of a motor that knocks.

Make us your eye-repairman. Let us keep your vision perfect by thorough care. Begin today.

1317 G Street N. W.

The Hundred Dollar Question

Edith Livingston, a demobilized war worker, making her home in Washington with Grace and Bob Ellsworth, a young married couple, Edith employment as a secretary to Ellsworth. Edith, a stock promoter, in a dingy little office on a side street in the National Capital.

He pays her much attention, gives her a \$500 gold note, after she has discovered him and a Japanese studying a map, and takes her to lunch.

She discovers her sweetheart, William Henderson, dining with a Spanish girl. She is jealous of the Spanish girl and her sweetheart is jealous of her employer. Edith becomes suspicious as to what is going on in the office. She is satisfied that no oil stock is being sold, but she cannot guess what her mysterious employer's real business is.

Her employer, after paying her many compliments and assuring her to the utmost secrecy as to what transpires in the office, expresses a desire to be introduced to her sweetheart, which amazes her.



is fast approaching when we won't even be in speaking terms. And I can't say that I'll be any too sorry when that day arrives.

As things are now, it keeps me upset and nervous all the time. If I could really and definitely make up my mind never to speak to him or to see him again, it wouldn't be so hard, to could put it all behind me like a bad dream and begin to rebuild my almost blasted life along other lines.

But as long as a woman has any remnant of love in the back part of her head for one man it's a beastly hard job to plan her whole future scheme of things without the said man's intruding his ever-so-unwelcome presence occasionally.

Naturally, it keeps a girl upset. One minute I swear to myself that I'll never see Willard again. And the next minute I wonder if it would be humanly possible. And I get to be so much a habit with me, or something.

Of course with these two forces warring within me all the time it cannot but react on my nervous system.

I told Grace as much when she came up to my room the other night and found me crying. And the most consolation I got from her was the unsolicited information that I'm too young to know what nerves are.

Longfellow's who "could look the wide world in the face." I don't know how the rest of it goes. But it just occurred to me in this connection. Clothes may not make the man, but you can take it from me they go a long way toward making a woman—at least so far as her conscious self is concerned.

GOOD CLOTHES.

I remember when I was looking for a job. The mornings that I would get up early and do my hair just right, and get my make-up on just so, and be sure that my gloves were clean and my shoes shined—on those mornings I could have walked into the office—or the sanctum sanctorum of the President of the United States, and asked him for a job.

But just let me get up late and go out with my hair half combed, and the rouge streaked on my face, and my nose shiny, and my heels a bit run over, and they could have been passing around jobs on silver saucers, accompanied by orchid corsages, and I wouldn't have had the nerve to take one.

Yes, believe you me, good clothes and a consciousness that she is well dressed will put more starch into a woman's backbone than any amount of lecturing or uplift talk.

So, you see why I put on the new evening dress to see Willard. When a woman dresses for battle she doesn't put on a khaki uniform and leather puttees, nor does she buckle a sword around her waist.

She puts on the very best looking clothes she has and for armor she

Maryland Cooking

CRAB CROQUETTES.

For a quart of crab make a cupful of very thick cream sauce by adding two heaping tablespoonsful of flour and a heaping tablespoonful of butter blended together to a cupful of boiling milk or cream. Season well, adding a little grated nutmeg to the sauce. Be sure to have the crab meat well seasoned, too, for the secret of success in these croquettes is the seasoning. Mix all together and drop a spoonful in finely grated bread crumbs then in boiling lard, where it is turned over as quickly as it may be in order to brown the entire surface to prevent the fat from soaking into the croquette. Serve very hot with a little chopped relish on the side of the plate.—Mrs. Percy Devall.

BROWN BUTTER.

Peel and chop six apples. Place a layer of apples in a well buttered baking dish. Next a layer of bread crumbs. Sprinkle with brown sugar and cinnamon. Repeat until the dish is full. Dot the top with butter and pour sweet milk over it. It comes within an inch of the top of the pan. Bake until brown, and serve with cream sauce.—Mrs. Fred Binger. (Copyright, 1920, by Mrs. Percy Devall.)

GO AS FAR AS YOU LIKE

A large number of persons who are evidently reading this nameless serial with avidity, and intend submitting titles, have asked the question, "How many titles may I submit?"

In the beginning it was announced that "there will be no rules or restrictions. Everybody except employees of The Washington Times will be eligible to compete for the \$100 reward."

Therefore, each person may submit as many titles as he or she cares to write.

A hundred or more titles have already been submitted. Many of them are wonderful, but "they don't mean anything," caused the editor to yet finish. Titles should not be sent in until the last installment of the serial has been printed.

wears her most adorable smile and her most fascinating manner.

It was thus attired in battle array and all my war paint that I received Willard.

And I will say for Willard that it was not wasted.

He just sort of gasped when he came in and saw me, then he took a step backward, and then one forward. In another minute I'm sure he would have had me in his arms. But I willed otherwise.

FOOLISH TO QUARREL.

A man's arms are no place for a woman when she has her mind made up to talk plain common sense.

So I held out a hand to Willard—it did hurt me to treat him so coldly—he looked so like a hurt child.

"Aren't you—I'm afraid you're not glad to see me, Edy," he said.

"How absurd!" I answered. "Of course I'm glad to see you, Willard." Then why do you—? He began to bluster. He said, "For a few minutes he sat and stared at the floor. Then he went over and stood in front of the big log fireplace and stared at me."

"Let's have this thing out, Edith," he said. "We're not getting anywhere like this. It's foolish for us to quarrel."

"Of course," I answered, nonchalantly, propping my elbow on my hand. "Why should we quarrel?"

"But we're going to quarrel if you continue like this," he answered. But Willard got me was growing red around the ears.

"You can't assume that attitude with me—"

"Oh! I barely breathed the word. But Willard got my meaning."

"Pardon me, Edith," he said. "I know I shouldn't try to dictate to you. Of course I have no right to even suggest—"

"Why will you quarrel, Willard?" I asked in the most saccharine tones I could command. "Come, I moved over on the divan, and motioned for him to sit beside me."

Minutes he sat and stared at me about what you've been doing since you left—"

"No!" He came over and sat beside me. And he took both my hands in his. "We're not going to talk about what I've been doing. We're going to talk about you, and—"

"Now, don't be melodramatic, Willard," I said. "It—really—the role doesn't suit you."

"I'm not being melodramatic, Edith," he said. "I could see that my subtle sarcasm was getting under his skin. 'I'm trying to be sensible. Of course,' he squeezed my hands until they hurt, then dropped them, or threw them into my lap. 'Of course, if you persist in this attitude—'"

Before I knew what was happening he had walked toward the door and was disappearing through it. Then it was that I sent my most pointed dart.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

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RIGHT ON THE JOB

every day, every week, all the year round, with the vim and vigor that come from simple, nourishing foods that are easily digested—foods that do not tax the stomach or poison the intestines—that's the man who eats Shredded Wheat Biscuit. It contains all the body-building material in the whole wheat grain, is easily digested and keeps the intestinal tract clean, healthy and active.

Try this simple, natural diet for a few weeks and see how much better you feel. Two Biscuits with hot milk make a warm, nourishing meal.

Advertisements were in vogue in ancient Egypt, Greece and Rome. On the walls of Pompeii have been found announcements of gladiatorial shows, with rough pictures of favorite gladiators, etc., anticipations of the modern poster.

When a Girl Marries

A Story of EARLY WEDDED LIFE

By ANN LISLE.

"I TS—Virginia, Anne," called my sister-in-law's voice, impatiently.

"Just a minute, Jeanie," I called. "Tony isn't staying to dinner. He has an engagement in town. And so I thought I'd better call you, or you surely wouldn't want him to leave without a word from you."

"No, I wouldn't. Especially as he's waiting for me to assure him of his rights and titles in his new chauffeur," I replied, laughing my own mood away.

After I'd properly reassured Tony, received the strong clasp of his good left hand and the renewed strength that comes from the steady look of his ice-blue eyes, Virginia sighed regretfully over our departing guest.

"It's a shame he couldn't stay. We're going to have a marvellous party. Pat telephoned while you were out talking to Tony's chauffeur. He's detained in town to-night. He and Tom Mason and Ned and large affairs of the law. So he'll dine with them and bunk with whichever wins him in the toss. Come on, child. We deserted ones must console each other. Also, we must dine."

My relief was great when I was summoned to the telephone and Evvy's voice greeted me.

"Thought I'd run over for a little visit tonight, Anne," she said. "I'm lonesome. It is all right with you and the Daltons tain for me to come butting in so soon?"

A PAT BLOND FRIG.

"Jeanie and I are alone. We'd love to have you," I assured her. "I'm perfectly at home here, you see." I explained. "Evvy wanted to call and I didn't stop to consult you before saying yes."

"That can't be Evvy already, though," she concluded, as the doorbell pealed through the house. "Shouldn't think I'm a jerk. She keeps a pet airplane," I replied.

"Mr. Hoadley," announced Hedwig a moment later.

Hard upon her words a man popped into the room. He looked like a fat blond frog. Bulky, broad-shouldered, thick-necked, with a wide head hunched between his shoulders, he managed to preserve some measure of lightness because his cheeks were clean and rosy and his hair a blond brush.

"Hope there's no offense at my calling. No offense intended. None at all. Hoadley, of Hoadley's Hats, madam, he's coming. He's coming out a bow to Virginia. 'Tried to raise you on the telephone all afternoon. Couldn't. Was driving by and thought I'd just drop in and see if nifty folks like you can't be persuaded to hand out a square deal even to a plain man like me."

"My dear sir, what have we to do with your affairs?" asked Virginia at her most haughty. "Hoadley's Hats, madam, he's coming. He's coming out a bow to Virginia. 'Tried to raise you on the telephone all afternoon. Couldn't. Was driving by and thought I'd just drop in and see if nifty folks like you can't be persuaded to hand out a square deal even to a plain man like me."

"Friend of yours, Norreys, stole my chauffeur," he gasped out with a great clearing of his throat.

THERE STOOD EVVY.

At the word "stole" I tried to interrupt, but Hoadley, of Hoadley's Hats, waved me aside with a large gesture precisely suiting the jovial smile which popped out just then on his wide mouth.

"Mr. Hoadley—your name is Hoadley, isn't it?" remarked Virginia.

Prize Cake Recipes

Washington's Best Submitted in Times Cake Contest. Clip Them.

NUT CAKE.

1 1/2 cups sugar
1/4 cup butter
Creamed together
1/4 cup milk
1 1/2 cups flour, measured after sifting four times
Heaping teaspoon baking powder in flour
Whites of four eggs (beaten stiff) added last
Teaspoon vanilla
1 cup chopped walnuts
Bake in slow oven thirty-five minutes.

ICING.

1 cup sugar
1/4 cup water, boiled until it slightly threads
Spread slowly in white of egg (beaten stiff)
Beat until cold.—Miss Elizabeth B. Wadsworth, 1819 G street northwest.

VIOLA CAKE.

1/2 cup of butter
1 cup of sugar, creamed together
2/3 cup of milk
1 1/2 cups of flour
3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
Whites of 4 eggs beaten stiff and added last. Bake in three layers.

FILLING.

1 cup water, when boiling, add 1/2 cup sugar
1 tablespoonful cornstarch
Yolks of 4 eggs
When creamy add rind and juice of 1 lemon.—Mrs. H. C. Mead, 7200 Blair road, Takoma Park.

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